

643. k. 4  
12 12

AN ELEGIAC  
AND  
HISTORICAL POEM,  
SACRED TO THE  
MEMORY AND VIRTUES  
OF THE  
HONOURABLE SIR WILLIAM JONES.

CONTAINING  
A RETROSPECTIVE SURVEY  
OF THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE, AND THE MOHAMMEDAN CONQUESTS  
IN ASIA.

---

BY THE  
AUTHOR OF INDIAN ANTIQUITIES.  
Thomas Shavice

LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, AND SOLD BY HIMSELF,  
AT N°. 33, UPPER NORTON STREET,  
PORTLAND ROAD.

1795.

PRICE THREE SHILLINGS.

AN ELEGANT

AND

HISTORICAL POEM

BY THE

REMARKABLE AND VARIOUS

OF THE

HONOURABLE SIR WILLIAM JONES

BY

A RESPECTABLE SURVEY

ON THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE, AND THE INFLUENCE OF COMMERCE

IN A FINE

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "INDIAN AFFAIRS"

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, AND SOLD BY HISSELL,

AT NO. 55, ST. MARK'S PLACE, ST. MARK'S

CHURCH, LONDON.

1793.

PRICE THREE SHILLINGS.

TO THE HON.

SIR JOHN SHORE,

PRESIDENT,

AND THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE

ASIATIC SOCIETY,

ESTABLISHED AT CALCUTTA,

THESE PAGES, SACRED TO THE REVERED MEMORY

AND VIRTUES OF

SIR WILLIAM JONES,

ARE,

WITH ARDENT GRATITUDE FOR THEIR GENEROUS PATRONAGE

OF THE INDIAN ANTIQUITIES AND HISTORY,

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY THEIR OBLIGED

AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,

THOMAS MAURICE.



THE

SHORT

STORY

OF

THE

POETRY

OF

THE

POETRY

OF

THE

POETRY

OF

THE

POETRY

OF

THE

POETRY

OF

THE

POETRY

OF



THE TIME in which the incidents in the following Poem are supposed to take place, is the period between sunset and sunrise. The SCENE lies on the banks of the Ganges, at the tomb of departed Genius. To those who are not conversant in the page of Asiatic history, the allusions of the author may be rendered more intelligible by attention to the subjoined analysis of its contents.

## ARGUMENT.

General introductory reflections suited to the subject; and considering DEATH, according to the Indian hypothesis, as only inducing a change of being, and opening new scenes for philosophical research into the ample volume of nature. Astronomical investigations, a favourite line of science with the deceased, specified as probably affording to the liberated soul the sublimest species of delight. The GENIUS OF ANCIENT ASIA descends—the distinguishing features of her character—virtue, valour, generosity; contrasted with those of the GENIUS OF MODERN ASIA—vice, cowardice, cruelty—she pronounces the eulogium of her favourite, and traces the progress of Eastern science, according to the arrangement of his own dissertations before the Asiatic Society. From Persia, as a centre, taking the term in an extended point of view, so as also to include the western parts of mount Taurus, where the Noachidæ first settled, the arts were diffused through Assyria, Phœnicia, India, Egypt, Carthage, Greece, and the Roman empire.—The horrors of the MOHAMMEDAN IRRUPTION in the seventh century depicted, and the character of the first propagators of ISLANISM in Asia, described as fatal to the sciences; afterwards, relaxing from their sanguinary fury, their descendants became throughout the East, the patrons and promoters of the arts—The particular and

## ARGUMENT.

successive invaders of India enumerated, and their respective characters delineated—Mahmud of Gazna—Gengis—Timur—Shah-rock—Ulug Beg—Baber—the Mogul dynasty of India—Akber—Aurungzebe—the decline of that dynasty. The irruption of Nadir Shah—of Abdollah—the subversion<sup>s</sup> of the Mogul empire—the horrid excesses and barbarity of the succeeding period—Freedom and Science revive at Benares, under the auspices of the English.—India principally indebted for the regeneration of the latter to the spirited and extensive plans of Sir William Jones, to promote and diffuse it—his character and accomplishments as a man, and as a scholar—as a man, distinguished by active piety, and an ardent love of liberty—as a scholar, more particularly eminent for his attainments in astronomy, chronology, antiquities, languages, music, botany.—THE GENIUS OF ANCIENT ASIA having finished her eulogium at the tomb of Genius, disappears—The Dii Minores, or inferior genii of India, now arise, and pay their devoirs at that tomb—the beam of Aurora appearing, they chant the Mythriac hymn, and are finally absorbed into the beams of the SUN, the fruitful parent of Asiatic superstition.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

*A second edition of THIS POEM having, through the indulgence of the Public, been called for, the Author embraces the opportunity it affords him of making his grateful acknowledgments to MR. HAYLEY, for the obliging commendation bestowed upon it in the advertisement prefixed to his own elegant tribute to the memory of SIR WILLIAM JONES. He has endeavoured to obviate the objections which have been made to the length of this poetical effusion by expressly denominating it what, in fact, it should have been at first entitled, AN HISTORICAL POEM. A part of the introduction, erroneously applied where it was never intended, has been erased from this edition, and the stanzas to which it alluded in the body of the poem are so modelled that no possible offence, it is hoped, can now be taken. It would be the highest ingratitude to omit acknowledging that three of the most distinguished Members of Administration, on being made acquainted with the situation of the author, and the object of his Indian undertaking, immediately became its decided patrons, and he has peculiar pleasure in mentioning, on this occasion, characters so eminent for scientific attainments as the LORD CHANCELLOR, the PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL, and the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY. MR. DUNDAS, also, having had the goodness to recommend the History of Ancient India to the consideration of the Chairman of the East India Company, the Author trusts that the cloud which has so long hung over this infant work is about to be dispelled; and the Public are now respectfully informed that on the first of October, the Volume advertised at the end of this Poem will be ready for delivery at No. 33, Upper Norton Street, Portland Road.*

20th September, 1795.

AN ELEGIAC  
AND  
HISTORICAL POEM, &c.

---

SHALL Genius slumber in the oblivious tomb,  
By no sublime funereal song deplored;  
Shall he who tower'd on Fancy's loftiest plume,  
Want the sweet dirge o'er beauteous Laura<sup>a</sup> pour'd?  
Muses of ASIA! ye who fann'd the fire  
That in your favourite's ardent bosom glow'd,  
With all your flame my kindling soul inspire,  
As when the exalted strain to Mithra<sup>b</sup> flow'd.

Arise!—and deeply smite the choral shell;

Solemn, yet plaintive, roll the impassion'd lay:  
Like those which shook, of old, the mystic cell,  
And mourn'd the all-cheering sun's departing ray.

For, radiant as yon orb's declining beam  
Flames on illumined Taurus' western brow,  
His star, descending, shed a lovely gleam,  
Whose lustre shall to latest ages 'glow.

Hail! nurse of arts and song—thy hallow'd shore,  
ASIA, permit my daring steps to rove;  
Thy ancient Magi's vaulted caves explore, [grove.  
And pierce the dark, impervious, 'blood-stain'd  
But chief, where Ganges' rapid billows glide  
By many a ruin'd tower, and mouldering fane,  
That erst the rage of hostile chiefs defied,  
And echoed with devotion's raptured strain;



Be mine to wander o'er yon gloomy strand,  
Where drooping Science bends o'er Virtue's bier;  
And, mingling with yon sorrowing, sable band,  
Heave the deep sigh, and pour the gushing tear.

Now night's incumbent shadows, deepening round,  
The proud remains of India's glory veil,  
Pale lightnings skirt the horizon's distant bound;  
Loud beats the surge, and hollow blows the gale.

An anxious horror all my soul pervades,  
I see the awful page of fate unroll'd;  
Darkling I range through death's profoundest shades,  
Futurity's tremendous scenes unfold!

Ah! what are days, or months, or circling years,  
That form, 'twixt life and death, the slender bound;  
What the vast cycles of revolving spheres,  
To dread eternity's unmeasured round?

Roll, mighty periods, your immense career,  
Be suns, be stars, in flaming ruin hurl'd!  
VIRTUE, the sun that warms the moral sphere,  
Superior glows, nor fears a bursting world.

Wide as those countless orbs diffuse their blaze,  
Boundless as space extends, or being flows,  
No spot so dear applauding Heaven surveys,  
As where the wise and virtuous dead repose.

Unfading laurels o'er their sacred urn  
Aloft their ever-verdant foliage spread,  
The Muses there eternal incense burn;  
And rolling spheres their kindest influence shed.

On their loved bier, the Morn's refulgent star,  
Enamour'd, joys to dart its earliest beam;  
There passing Phœbus checks his rapid car,  
And lingering Cynthia sheds her latest gleam.

The loveliest roses of the breathing spring  
Delight around the hallow'd sod to grow;  
Bright seraphs hover near with guardian wing;  
Light fall the dews, and soft the zephyrs blow.

Let tyrants, to embalm their loathsome clay,  
Of half her fragrant gums Arabia drain;  
Recording brass their martial feats display,  
And venal marbles breathe the flatterer's strain:

Thy tomb no trophies wants, illustrious shade!  
Nor breathing brass thy virtues to proclaim;  
Thine are the radiant palms which never fade;  
A tower of adamant thy deathless name.

Two rival worlds to spread thy fame contend,  
To worth, to learning, and to genius just;  
And LOVE's and FRIENDSHIP's mingling tears descend,  
To embalm thy memory, and bedew thy dust.



Immortal genius! whose expansive flame,  
 In early youth, on Isis' banks I caught;  
 Whose path I follow'd up the steeps of fame,  
 And, by thy precepts, form'd the ripening thought:

Oh, from yon glittering orbs, thy bright abode,  
 Where oft, on earth, thy spirit loved to soar;  
 Whether thou mount the lucid MILKY ROAD,  
 That vast abyss of blazing suns to 'explore:

Or, if the northern WAINS thy wing detain,  
 Or vast ORION's more refulgent beam;  
 Or, darting downward to the southern main,  
 If 'HYDRA bathe thee in her blazing stream;

Where'er thou rovest, or near the frozen pole,  
 Or the parch'd regions of the burning line;  
 Still on this globe thine eye auspicious roll,  
 Nor spurn the trophies heap'd around thy shrine.

For me, in vain revolve the tuneful spheres,  
No more through heaven their flaming paths I trace,  
Life, one vast howling wilderness appears,  
And darkness wraps creation's beauteous face.

Ah, what avails it that I caught thy fire,  
Or with thy ardent spirit dared to soar?  
With thee, ambition's fondest hopes expire,  
The sacred thirst of glory burns no more.

Deeper than Gothic glooms o'er Britain hang;  
Where toiling Science wails her ravish'd meed;  
And wounded deep, with many a secret pang,  
The agonizing Muse is doom'd to bleed!

Ye bards of Britain, break the useless lyre,  
And rend, disdainful, your detested bays;  
Who now shall dare to letter'd fame aspire,  
Devotes to penury his hapless days.

Hear slighted Butler his hard fate bemoan!  
O'er famish'd Otway shed the generous tear!  
Hark! frantic Chatterton's expiring groan  
Still vibrates dreadful on the tortured ear!

And are there who the glittering wreath would tear,  
Immortal Genius! from thy sacred brow;  
Who jealous Heav'n's avenging thunder dare,  
Whence all the radiant fires of Genius flow?

Are there who while they quaff the sparkling wines,  
And load with eastern pomp the groaning board,  
Reck not that famished worth, unfriended, pines;  
And bar, with hearts of steel, th' unbounded hoard?

Ye wretched pageants of a summer's morn,  
Howe'er inshrined in wealth, or thron'd in power;  
Genius surveys you with retorted scorn,  
Above your rage the immortal Muses tower.



Can all the joys the genial grape inspires,  
One transport to the throbbing breast impart,  
Like his—who burns with fancy's genuine fires—  
And wake the strain that warms the bounding heart?

In dungeon-glooms behold the bard sublime!  
No sufferings can repress his inborn flame;  
Darkling, in chains, he pours th' indignant rhyme,  
And, wanting all things, throbs alone for fame!

He knows not famine's direful pangs to feel,  
Ætherial viands feed his ardent soul;  
He looks, with scorn, on bonds of triple steel,  
Whose spirit soars where worlds unnumber'd roll.

While thus with honest pride my bosom glow'd,  
More vivid stream'd the lightning's dreadful glare,  
In wilder waves tumultuous Ganges flow'd,  
And rolling thunders shook the turbid air!

A flood of glory from the expanding skies,  
Full on the tomb of shrouded Genius play'd;  
And, floating in the blaze, my raptured eyes  
A form of more than mortal charms survey'd.

The jewell'd chaplet that adorns her brow,  
Her spear, resplendent as the solar flame,  
Her cheek, that shames the morning's purple glow,  
The sovereign GENIUS OF THE EAST proclaim.

Not that dire spectre, who, in later days,  
In Asia's courts rears high her pageant shrine,  
Who spurns the martial plume, and loves to blaze  
In waste of diamonds from Golconda's mine:

Oh, not that bloated monster, stain'd with blood,  
Who on pale Harams vents her murderous rage;  
To screaming infants tends the impoison'd food,  
And to the bow-string dooms enfeebled age:

That barbarous, hell-born fiend, by grim Despair  
On Murder, at the midnight hour, begot—  
Far hence remove her torch's baleful glare,  
Nor let its blaze profane this hallow'd spot!

But she of elder birth, whose righteous sway  
Asia's undaunted sons exulting own'd,  
When Liberty diffused her halcyon day,  
And Virtue ruled the helm with Cyrus throned.

I know her by her lofty ostrich plume,  
That dreadful waved on Lydia's wealthy plain,  
When Tyranny at Sardis found a tomb,  
And haughty Babel wept her myriads slain.

I know her, by her rich emblazon'd shield,  
Round whose vast orb the radiant signs are roll'd:  
Here Mithra's LION spurns the blazing field;  
There raging TAURUS flames in sculptured gold.



In all the charms of martial beauty bright,  
But still with brighter bays by Science crown'd,  
The goddess bends to earth her rapid flight,  
And consecrates to Fame the hallow'd ground.

“Favour'd of Heaven!” her awful voice exclaim'd,  
“Oh! thou, by two admiring worlds deplored,  
Who with the love of Eastern lore inflamed,  
To its sublimest heights unrivall'd soar'd.

The brightest palms which Asia yields be thine,  
Securely slumber on her peaceful coast;  
Thy dust shall mix with chiefs of proudest line,  
No nobler dust her gorgeous shrines can boast.

Thy genius dared the secret springs explore  
Whence ancient Wisdom drank the copious stream;  
Diffused far hence to many a barbarous shore,  
And regions glowing with the western beam:

Where the dark cliffs of rugged Taurus rise,  
 From age to age by blasting lightnings torn,  
 In glory bursting from the illumined skies,  
 Fair SCIENCE pour'd her first auspicious morn.

The hoary Parthian Seers who watch'd, by night,  
 The ETERNAL FIRE in Mithra's mystic cave—  
 Emblem sublime of that primeval light  
 Which to yon sparkling orbs their lustre gave—

Exulting saw its gradual splendours break,  
 And swept, symphonious, all their warbling lyres,  
 'Mid Scythia's frozen glooms the Muses wake,  
 While happier India glows with all their<sup>e</sup> fires.

From that stupendous tower in song renown'd,  
 Rear'd in the centre of her vast champaign,  
 Assyria, 'raptured, eyed the blue profound,  
 And class'd, in dazzling groups, the starry train;

Phœnicia, spurning Asia's bounding strand,  
By the bright pole-star's steady radiance<sup>h</sup>led,  
Bade to the winds her daring sails expand,  
And fearless plough'd old ocean's stormy bed.

The race who, when the burning Dogstar rose,  
With thundering pæans shook old Nilus' shore;  
Now view'd a brighter dawn its beams disclose,  
And drank, in copious draughts, the Indian lore.

From Egypt, roll'd in many a winding stream,  
To Greece the tide of Eastern science flow'd;  
Carthage exulting hail'd its rising beam;  
In Rome its splendours, by reflection, glow'd.

Frantic with bigot rage, with blood defiled  
A gorgeous crescent gleaming on his crest;  
What furious Demon, from Arabia's wild,  
Hurls desolation through the ravaged East?



A sabre drench'd with infant gore he waves,  
His eyes in opium's wildest frenzy roll;  
And while of sacred rites the maniac raves,  
Lust and revenge pollute his guilty soul:

O'er Persia wide his myriad host he pours,  
Burning for spoil, for human blood athirst;  
Resistless, India, on thy fertile shores,  
Tossing their flaming brands, his legions burst.

On 'Bactria's hills are quench'd the sacred fires,  
The Mythriac priests are on their altars slain;  
The proud Sassanian dynasty expires,  
And Asia bends to Othman's baleful reign.

Through all her bounds the outcries of despair,  
The shrieks of violated beauty rise;  
While, blasted by his crescent's dreadful glare,  
The bloom of Science and of Genius dies.

Barbarian, pause!—nor with remorseless rage,  
 The boast of Egypt to oblivion doom;  
 Ah, spare the toil of many a letter'd sage,  
 Nor bid devouring fire their works <sup>k</sup>consume!

In vain I plead; with sacrilegious flame  
 The glowing baths of Alexandria blaze;  
 Omar, eternal curses brand thy name,  
 And keenest lightnings fire thy wither'd bays!

With kindred rage on India's ravaged plain,  
 Stern Mahmud in a storm of fire descends,  
 And many a rich and venerable fane  
 Beneath his desolating fury bends.

Ah! not from glory's generous ardour flows  
 The impetuous transport of his headlong zeal;  
 That breast with all the rage of avarice glows,  
 That bosom superstition's furies steel.

Bathed in the streaming blood of half her kings,  
 And borne triumphant o'er their trampled thrones,  
 On plunder'd Delhi's boundless spoil he springs,  
 And proud Canouge beneath his vengeance groans.

Insatiate still for India's treasured ore,  
 His rapid flight the royal vulture bends,  
 To where, on rich Cambay's far distant shore,  
 The vast SUMNAUT its gorgeous front extends.

In vain the priests that throng the sacred shrine,  
 The unconquer'd arm of guardian Veeshnu boast;  
 And from the towers, inflamed with rage divine,  
 Thunder Heaven's vengeance on the myriad host.

Heaven's awful rage the fierce assailants brave,  
 Burst the strong gates, and scale the lofty walls;  
 The priests plunge headlong in the o'erwhelming wave,  
 And India's last proud sanctuary falls.



And now his 'raptured eye a fane surveys  
That ransack'd Nature's dazzling treasury seems;  
With plates of gold the burnish'd ceilings blaze,  
One mass of jewels the rich altar 'gleams.

Nor proffer'd gold, nor glowing gems suffice,  
Great Veeshnu's bust his ruffian hands profane;  
Rise, dreadful God! in all thy fury rise,  
And give to vengeance his devoted train!

As o'er yon sultry waste his legions toil,  
Who shall the pangs of burning thirst assuage?  
The camels faint beneath their guilty spoil;  
Through all the camp despair and madness rage!

Ye hostile clarions! cease mine ear to rend,  
The Arabian despots sheathes his blood-stain'd spear;  
Their genial beams the cherish'd arts extend,  
Their drooping heads the trampled Muses rear.

A race, less fierce, the Eastern sceptres wield,  
By worth distinguish'd, as for science famed,  
Who toil for glory in a bloodless field;  
With loftier views, with nobler fires inflamed.

In the bright noon of their meridian power,  
GENIUS, the daring eagle, upward springs;  
Not bolder did the undazzled <sup>m</sup>Theban tower,  
Nor Mantua's <sup>n</sup>swan expand her soaring wings.

What blazing orb o'er Scythia's hills afar,  
Portentous, rises with ensanguined beam;  
'Tis mighty Gengis' inauspicious star,  
Convulsing Asia with its baleful gleam!

Resistless, fearless, cruel as their clime,  
I see the Tartars burst their frozen bound;  
Unnumber'd banners wave in air sublime,  
While crimson torrents smoke along the ground.

Dark as the driving swarms of locusts spread,  
Full many a league their gloomy front extends;  
The trembling earth is blasted where they tread,  
And each affrighted Muse her laurel rends!

The blood of Gengis glowing in his veins,  
And bearing still a more terrific lance,  
The imperial °Savage of the Sogdian plains  
Now bids his squadrons to the field advance.

Like Nimrod, skill'd to guide the bloody chace,  
His ravening lust unbounded carnage feeds;  
By thousands fall the hapless sylvan race;  
By myriads, Man, his nobler victim, bleeds.

Frantic through Asia's ravaged vales they fly,  
And wrap her towering capitals in fire!  
Beneath their spears the flower of Persia die,  
While age and beauty crowd the funeral pyre.



But chief on India bursts the o'erwhelming tide,  
India still doom'd to feel the oppressor's rage;  
Through seas of blood his crimson'd squadrons ride,  
'Midst hecatombs of gasping slain engage.

With yon deep groan uncounted myriads fell!—  
And now the flames from burning Delhi rise;  
Loud and more loud resounds the deepening yell;  
And vengeance, vengeance! echoes to the skies.

Reflection shudders at his sanguine deeds!  
Fly swift, ye hours; roll round those halcyon times,  
When to yon throne his lion race succeeds,  
Brave as their sire, untainted by his crimes.

Arouze, ye Muses, burst your sevenfold chains,  
Smite with immortal rage your noblest wires;  
The great, the brave, the virtuous SHAHROC reigns,  
The dæmon of revenge and blood expires!

Wide as the circle of his vast domains,  
That know no limits, save the horizon's bound;  
His sovereign power your injured rights maintains,  
And spreads the flame he feels diffusive round!

From her deep slumber of three thousand years  
The trampled Genius of Assyria wakes;  
Again her head exulting Science rears;  
Again thy radiant morn, fair Freedom, breaks!

Majestic, lo! on Tigris' hallow'd shore,  
A second Babel seems the skies to threat;  
Whence Bagdad's seers yon blazing vault explore,  
And trace the mystic characters of fate.

Lo! Samarcand, a city new to fame,  
Temples and towers of matchless grace displays;  
Proud cloister'd domes the cherish'd arts proclaim,  
While lofty gnomons mark the solar rays.

Thou too, whose daring genius could extend  
O'er heaven's majestic arch the mighty line;  
Brave 'Tartar, hail! thy native skies ascend,  
And, 'midst thy own FIX'D STARS, for ever shine.

With pen as brilliant as his conquering sword,  
A double laurel decks great Baber's brows:  
Radiant the palms embattled fields afford,  
More radiant still the heavenly Muse bestows.

The loudest notes her martial trump can pour,  
To mighty Akber's praise let Glory sound!  
Waft them, ye winds, round every distant shore,  
Diffuse them wide as earth's remotest bound.

For all the virtues of his noble line,  
In Akber beaming their concentrated ray,  
With all the fires of native genius join;  
And India glories in his righteous sway.



Casi,<sup>r</sup> once more, her sacred fires renews,  
With Veeshnu's praise a thousand temples ring;  
On Naugracut's vast range the soaring Muse  
Smites, 'midst eternal snows, the varied string.

Exalted high on India's ruby'd throne,  
Wisdom with hoary faith again unites;  
No more in chains her vanquish'd princes groan,  
Nor noble Brahmins wail their ravish'd rights.

Happy as when her ancient sovereigns reign'd,  
Rajahs of grey renown, and dear to fame;  
No more her soobahs of their youth are drain'd,  
Nor shrieking virgins feed the victor's flame.

But cherish'd by the laws her Brahma gave,  
She sees her bursting granaries o'erflow;  
Unnumber'd navies stem the boisterous wave,  
Unbounded treasures in her coffers glow.

Thrice happy age; how soon in blood to close!

Lo! Fate her sable banner wide unfurls!

A chief, more fierce than all her ancient foes,

O'er her vast Deccan flames and ravage hurls.

Nor on rich Deccan's wealthy plains alone,

I see the storm on hallow'd Casi burst;

Her altars quench'd, her plunder'd fanes o'erthrown,

Her hoary grandeur trampled low in dust!

Infuriate bigot to a barbarous creed!

Think'st thou the gods, whose fires those altars bore,

Will unrevenged behold this impious deed,

Nor on thy race their hoarded fury pour?

By blood thy rebel arm the sceptre gain'd,

And, tyrant, wide the crimson tide shall flow!

Dread ministers of Heaven's just wrath ordain'd,

Rise, ruthless Seyds, strike home the avenging blow!

Hark! on Carmania's hills the trumpet sound,  
 And the fierce Afghan tribes to arms invite;  
 The thundering war steed spurns the trembling ground,  
 And neighs impatient for the promised fight.

To conquest by resistless Nadir led,  
 From Candahar they rush impetuous down:  
 High on the tyrant's burnish'd crest display'd,  
 Gleam the rich spoils of Persia's plunder'd crown.

'Gainst veteran warriors, nerved with triple steel,  
 Thy millions, Hindostan, in vain advance;  
 No more thy Rajahs burn with patriot zeal,  
 No more, enervate, wield the ponderous lance.

Invincible the iron phalanx moves,  
 Dreadful as wasting storms, or raging fire;  
 Delhi, again, a victor's vengeance proves,  
 Again, her butcher'd sons in heaps expire!



Though all Golconda flames before their eyes,  
Not all Golconda can appease their rage;  
Unmoved they hear the screaming infants' cries,  
Unawed the curses of expiring age!

Come, fierce Abdollah, on her destined walls  
Heaven's last avenging, dreadful phial pour!—  
'Tis done: The imperial house of Timur falls;  
India, thy sun descends, to rise no more!

Now darkness, brooding with expanded wings,  
Wraps yon vast empire in its deathful shade;  
The Muses rush from their polluted springs,  
And Science flies, appall'd, her favourite glade:

Triumphant Slaughter her ensanguined car  
O'er trampled altars rolls, and ruin'd fanes;  
Wide through her vallies howls the storm of war,  
And famine in the bowers of Eden "reigns.

Dear as to dungeon slaves the solar gleam,  
Or wretches doom'd to dig the buried ore;  
On raptur'd Cási dawns the gladsome beam,  
Which British freedom, British science pour.

To chase the tenfold gloom, my JONES, was thine,  
To cheer the Brahmin, and to burst his chains;  
To search for latent gems the Sanscreeet mine,  
And wake the fervour of her ancient strains.

For, oh! what pen shall paint with half thy fire,  
The power of Music on the impassion'd soul,  
When the great masters waked the Indian lyre,  
And bade the burning song electric 'roll?

The mystic veil, that wraps the hallow'd shrines  
Of India's deities, 'twas thine to rend;  
With brighter fires each radiant altar shines,  
To nature's awful god those fires ascend.

Sound the deep conch; dread Veeshnu's power proclaim,

And heap with fragrant woods the blazing urn;

I see, sublime Devotion's noblest flame

'Midst Superstition's glowing embers burn!

'Twas thine, with daring wing, and eagle eye,

To pierce antiquity's profoundest "gloom;

To search the dazzling records of the sky,

And bid the stars the sacred page \*illuminate.

Nor did the instructive orbs of heaven, alone,

Absorb thy soul 'mid yon ethereal fields;

To thee the vegetable world was known,

And all the blooming tribes the garden yields;

From the tall cedar on the mountain's brow,

Which the fierce tropic storm in vain assails,

Down to the humblest shrubs that beauteous blow,

And scent the air of Asia's fragrant vales.



But talents—fancy—ardent, bold, sublime—  
Unbounded science—form'd thy meanest fame;  
Beyond the grasp of death, the bound of time,  
On wings of fire RELIGION wafts thy name.

And long as stars shall shine, or planets roll,  
To kindred virtue shall that name be dear;  
Still shall thy genius charm the aspiring soul,  
And distant ages kindle at thy bier."

Thus spake the Power; and in the focal blaze,  
Her dazzling shrine, her awful beauties veil'd;  
From harps celestial flow'd immortal lays,  
Ambrosial sweets my ravish'd sense regaled.

And now, slow-rising on their favourite shore,  
Millions of shadowy forms around me "moved,  
Unfading garlands in their hands they bore,  
And, weeping, strew'd them on the urn they loved.

Sweet was the harmonious dance, and sweet the dirge  
Whose plaintive warbling lull'd the enraptured  
Till o'er the eastern mountains' farthest verge, [stream,  
Aurora, rising, shot her golden beam:

Instant, with shouts, they hail'd returning light,  
And sang the Power that rolls the radiant year;  
Then, bending towards the Sun their rapid flight,  
Plunged in the centre of his burning sphere.

THE END.

Sweet was the harmonious dance, and sweet the dinge  
Whose plaintive warbling filled the atmosphere  
Till o'er the eastern mountains in the east, far east,  
A crown, rising, shot her golden beam;  
Instant, with shouts, they hail'd returning light;  
And sang the power that rolls the radiant year;  
Then, bending towards the Sun their rapid flight,  
Plunged in the centre of his burning sphere.

THE END.



## NOTES.

<sup>a</sup> SEE the elegant translation of Petrarch's pathetic Elegy on Laura, in the Asiatic Poems of Sir William Jones.

<sup>b</sup> Alluding to the author's last poetical effusion, the Ode to Mithra, inserted at the end of the second volume of Indian Antiquities; in which the rites of the ancient Sabian superstition are glanced at.

<sup>c</sup> The last hour of the life of this illustrious character was marked by a solemn act of devotion. Finding his dissolution rapidly approaching, he desired his attendants to carry him into an inner apartment, where, at his desire, they left him. Returning after a short interval, they found him in a kneeling posture, with his hands clasped, and his eyes fixed towards heaven. As they were removing him, he expired.

<sup>d</sup> I have asserted and proved in the Indian Antiquities, that all the sacred groves of Asia, and particularly those of India (an assertion which, from the general feature of mildness that marks their present character, to some readers seemed incredible) were deeply stained with bestial and human sacrifices.

<sup>e</sup> See the Dissertations of Dr. Herschel, relative to this brilliant portion of the heavens, in the Philosophical Transactions.

<sup>f</sup> From *udwip*, water. It is one of the largest and brightest of the southern constellations, and supposed, by its convolutions, to represent the Nile at the period of inundation. Mr. Bryant still more happily conjectures that this asterism is symbolical of the general deluge; and from Hyde on Ulug Beg, Alfraganus, and other Eastern astronomers, quoted in the first volume of the Indian History, I have been able to demonstrate the truth of that conjecture: how otherwise came the raven of Noah to be designated upon its winding form, and the *Poculum Osiridis*, *i. e.* Noah; the planter of the first vine, the amiable but inebriated patriarch? By the light which emanated from the page of Sir William Jones, Mr. Wilford, and other Oriental mythologists, I have, in that volume, travelled over the whole of the starry heavens; and it will soon be seen whether I have been led astray by fancy to support a false hypothesis, or directed by the light of truth to uphold, in an age of scepticism, a true one. In fact, the system of Moses is

## NOTES.

the system of the Brahmins, the Magi, the Egyptians, and all the Eastern nations. The one shines forth in all the splendour and purity of truth, and in all the beauty of simplicity; the other is darkened by endless superstitions, and involved in a cloud of fictions. The former was *inspired*: the latter is *traditional*.

<sup>r</sup> The astonishing height to which the sciences were indubitably carried in Ancient India, has induced me, in my History, as the *safest* method of explaining the difficulty, to refer their origin to ANTE-DILUVIAN ÆRAS.

<sup>b</sup> The discovery of the pole-star is ascribed to the Phœnicians, whence it is often emphatically called PHŒNICE.

<sup>i</sup> The principal fire temple of the Zoroastrian sages, and the residence of the Archimagus, was at Balkh, a city situated on the confines of Persia, &c. the capital of the ancient Bactria. Balkh was taken in the 27th year of the Hegira, and of the Christian æra 647, by the Arabian general Abdollah Ebn Amer, when that fire-temple was destroyed, and the miserable Persees fled into Guzzurat, where to this day they have a fire-temple; of which species of building the reader may see an engraving in the second volume of Indian Antiquities. Concerning Balkh and its fate, the reader may consult Al Makin Hist. Saracen. p. 37, edited by Erpenius, 1725; and Golius in his notes upon the astronomy of Alfraganus, p. 176. Edit. quarto, 1669.

<sup>k</sup> It should be here remembered, that Egypt was anciently considered, if not as a part of Asia, at least as most intimately connected with it, by the indissoluble bonds of science and commerce. The Alexandrian library, burnt by the detestable mandate of Omar, contained 700,000 volumes, which served to heat the baths of that city, amounting to 4000 in number, for six months together.

<sup>l</sup> See a full account of this event and this sumptuous temple, extracted from Arabian writers, in Indian Antiquities, vol. III. p. 369.

<sup>m</sup> Pindar.

<sup>n</sup> Virgil.

<sup>o</sup> Timur Bec. There are two very celebrated, and very different histories, in the Oriental languages, of this renowned warrior, who was born at CASH, in the beautiful valley or plain of Sogd, the ancient Sogdiana. The one is in Persian, and was composed under the inspection of Timur himself, by the Mullah Sheriffeddin Ali, a native of Yezd in Persia, whence he is frequently denominated Ali Yezdi. The other is in Arabic, and was compiled by Ahmed Ebn Arabshah, a native of Syria, and a determined enemy of

## NOTES.

the hero, whose exploits he recorded. Both of them are written with all the pomp and elegance of which their respective languages are capable, and take their complexion from the temper of the writers, and the circumstances under which they were compiled. "In the first," says Sir William Jones, "the Tartarian conqueror is represented as a liberal, benevolent, and illustrious prince; in the second, as deformed and impious, of a low birth, and detestable principles." Preface to Nadir Shah, p. 22. I have both these histories in my possession. That of Ebn Arabshah edited by Manger, Arabic and Latin, in three volumes quarto, was imported by myself for the intended history of the Mohammedan sovereigns of Hindostan. From these two histories compared throughout with Timur's Institutes, edited by Dr. White and Major Davy, I have endeavoured to draw the true portrait of that ferocious hero; for whatever might have been his own *liberality* to the fawning sycophants of his court, and however *illustrious* he might have been in arms, not all the laboured encomiums of the Persian historian shall ever convince me, that the monster, who could order 100,000 captive Hindoos to be massacred in cold blood, under the walls of Delhi, and insist upon his orders being rigorously executed, could ever possess one spark of *benevolence*.

<sup>p</sup> I have proved in the third Volume of Indian Antiquities, that all the obelisks of the ancient Egyptians were intended as gnomons, and therefore sacred to Osiris.

<sup>q</sup> Ulug Beg, the great astronomer, author of that stupendous work, the *Tabulæ Fixarum Stellarum*, edited by Hyde.

<sup>r</sup> The ancient name of Benares. The latter name does not seem to be of any remote date in the annals of India: it is called in the Ayceen Akbery, Baranassey, a word formed of Birnah and Assey, the names of the two branches of the Ganges, between which it is situated. It is also in Sanscreeet records denominated VARANES.

<sup>s</sup> Aurengzebe.

<sup>t</sup> Aurengzebe, who died in the year 7 of this century, left the richest and most powerful empire in the world to be rent asunder and convulsed to its very centre, by the ambitious contentions of his surviving offspring. India had not for ages seen two such immense armies assembled on her plains, as those which accompanied to the field his sons Azem Shah and Mahommed Mauzim, the rival competitors for his vacant throne. Both those princes perished in the contest for the sovereignty. The black and aggravated crimes, by which the father himself ascended to empire, seem to have been avenged



## NOTES.

the system of the Brahmins, the Magi, the Egyptians, and all the Eastern nations. The one shines forth in all the splendour and purity of truth, and in all the beauty of simplicity; the other is darkened by endless superstitions, and involved in a cloud of fictions. The former was *inspired*: the latter is *traditional*.

<sup>r</sup> The astonishing height to which the sciences were indubitably carried in Ancient India, has induced me, in my History, as the *safest* method of explaining the difficulty, to refer their origin to ANTE-DILUVIAN ÆRAS.

<sup>h</sup> The discovery of the pole-star is ascribed to the Phœnicians, whence it is often emphatically called PHŒNICE.

<sup>i</sup> The principal fire temple of the Zoroastrian sages, and the residence of the Archimagus, was at Balkh, a city situated on the confines of Persia, &c. the capital of the ancient Bactria. Balkh was taken in the 27th year of the Hegira, and of the Christian æra 647, by the Arabian general Abdollah Ebn Amer, when that fire-temple was destroyed, and the miserable Persees fled into Guzzurat, where to this day they have a fire-temple; of which species of building the reader may see an engraving in the second volume of Indian Antiquities. Concerning Balkh and its fate, the reader may consult Al Makin Hist. Saracen. p. 37, edited by Erpenius, 1725; and Golius in his notes upon the astronomy of Alfraganus, p. 176. Edit. quarto, 1669.

<sup>k</sup> It should be here remembered, that Egypt was anciently considered, if not as a part of Asia, at least as most intimately connected with it, by the indissoluble bonds of science and commerce. The Alexandrian library, burnt by the detestable mandate of Omar, contained 700,000 volumes, which served to heat the baths of that city, amounting to 4000 in number, for six months together.

<sup>l</sup> See a full account of this event and this sumptuous temple, extracted from Arabian writers, in Indian Antiquities, vol. III. p. 369.

<sup>m</sup> Pindar.

<sup>n</sup> Virgil.

<sup>o</sup> Timur Bec. There are two very celebrated, and very different histories, in the Oriental languages, of this renowned warrior, who was born at CASH, in the beautiful valley or plain of Sogd, the ancient Sogdiana. The one is in Persian, and was composed under the inspection of Timur himself, by the Mullah Sheriffeddin Ali, a native of Yezd in Persia, whence he is frequently denominated Ali Yezdi. The other is in Arabic, and was compiled by Ahmed Ebn Arabshah, a native of Syria, and a determined enemy of

## NOTES.

the hero, whose exploits he recorded. Both of them are written with all the pomp and elegance of which their respective languages are capable, and take their complexion from the temper of the writers, and the circumstances under which they were compiled. "In the first," says Sir William Jones, "the Tartarian conqueror is represented as a liberal, benevolent, and illustrious prince; in the second, as deformed and impious, of a low birth, and detestable principles." Preface to Nadir Shah, p. 22. I have both these histories in my possession. That of Ebn Arabshah edited by Manger, Arabic and Latin, in three volumes quarto, was imported by myself for the intended history of the Mohammedan sovereigns of Hindostan. From these two histories compared throughout with Timur's Institutes, edited by Dr. White and Major Davy, I have endeavoured to draw the true portrait of that ferocious hero; for whatever might have been his own *liberality* to the fawning sycophants of his court, and however *illustrious* he might have been in arms, not all the laboured encomiums of the Persian historian shall ever convince me, that the monster, who could order 100,000 captive Hindoos to be massacred in cold blood, under the walls of Delhi, and insist upon his orders being rigorously executed, could ever possess one spark of *benevolence*.

<sup>p</sup> I have proved in the third Volume of Indian Antiquities, that all the obelisks of the ancient Egyptians were intended as gnomons, and therefore sacred to Osiris.

<sup>q</sup> Ulug Beg, the great astronomer, author of that stupendous work, the *Tabulæ Fixarum Stellarum*, edited by Hyde.

<sup>r</sup> The ancient name of Benares. The latter name does not seem to be of any remote date in the annals of India: it is called in the Ayeen Akbery, Baranassey, a word formed of Birnah and Assey, the names of the two branches of the Ganges, between which it is situated. It is also in Sanscreeet records denominated VARANES.

<sup>s</sup> Aurengzebe.

<sup>t</sup> Aurengzebe, who died in the year 7 of this century, left the richest and most powerful empire in the world to be rent asunder and convulsed to its very centre, by the ambitious contentions of his surviving offspring. India had not for ages seen two such immense armies assembled on her plains, as those which accompanied to the field his sons Azem Shah and Mahommed Mauzim, the rival competitors for his vacant throne. Both those princes perished in the contest for the sovereignty. The black and aggravated crimes, by which the father himself ascended to empire, seem to have been avenged

## NOTES.

by heaven in the successive destruction of his immediate descendants. Those formidable omrahs, the SEYDS, afterwards successively dethroned or murdered five sovereigns of the royal house of Hindostan. See Fraser's Moghol Emperors, p. 57.

\* The Douab, or interamnian region of Upper Hindostan, once the most fertile spot of the richest country under heaven, has by repeated wars of recent years been converted into a perfect desert.

\* The impressive title of one of the most ancient Sancreet treatises on music is, "The Sea of Passions." See our author's animated account of the Indian music in the Asiatic Researches, vol. II. p. 55.

\* See the two profound Dissertations on the Indian Chronology in Asiatic Researches, vol. II. p. 111, and 389.

\* Consult various astronomical passages in the treatises abovementioned, and the discourse on the Lunar Year of the Hindus, in the same publication, vol. III. p. 249. They are all made subservient to the cause of the national theology, and the illustration of the grand truths delivered in the sacred writings.

y Advert to note c above.

\* The Dii Minores, or inferior genii of India; being all symbolical representations, either, of the powers of nature, or the attributes of God. See an ample account of them and their functions in the Indian Mythology, in the discourse on the gods of Greece, Italy, and India, in Asiatic Researches, vol. I. p. 98.